VOLUME V TORONTO. OCTOBER, 1924 NUMBER 4

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NO ONE can laugh off the fact that Parker Duofold is the biggest selling pen in the world today, notwithstanding that its price is higher than scores of others.

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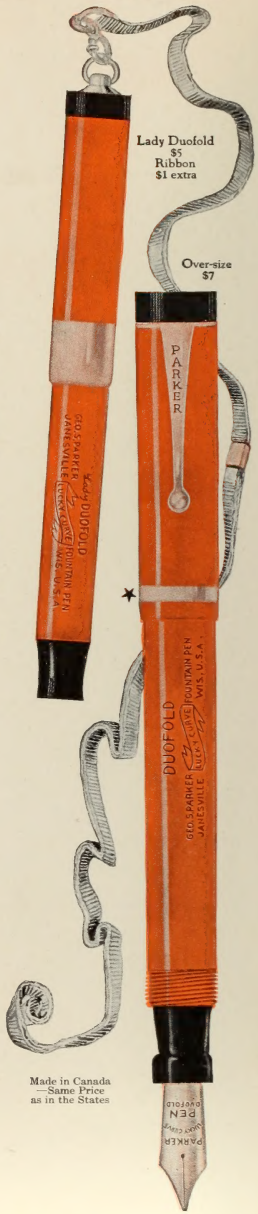

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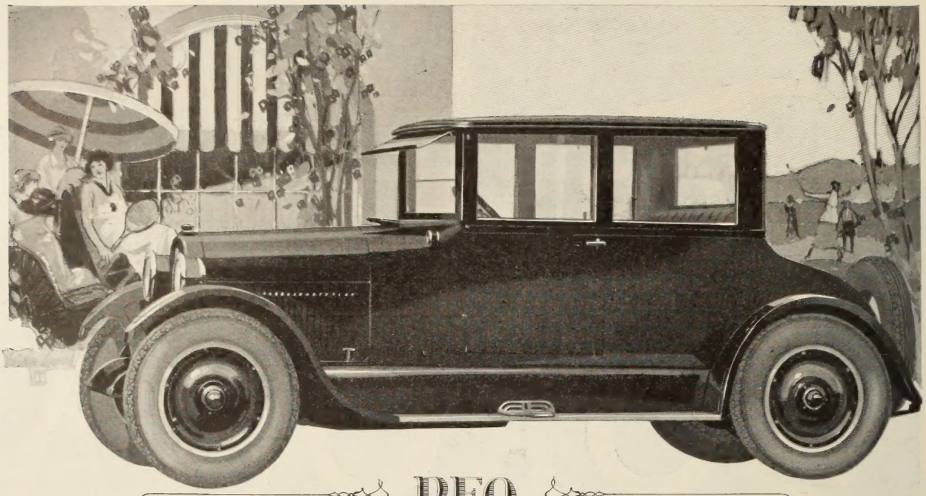

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"A GOOD CAR"—*and More!*

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REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED
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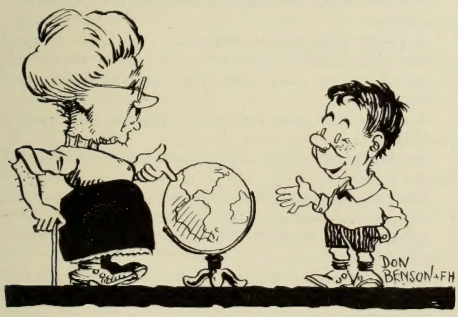
Volume V TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1924 Number 4

It's a Gland Every Time

They talk of the murders of passion
And parents are blamed for the crimes
But this is no longer the fashion,
Such logic is not of our times.
When Jake loads his friends full of bullets
And Reginald steals thirty grand
It's useless to speculate why—it's
A gland, every time, it's a gland.

If Bobby's not easy to handle
And thinks that bull-fighting is tame,
If Tommy's a neighborhood scandal,
Remember he isn't to blame.
It's brutal to wield a wild slipper
O'er the seat of his pants or his hands,
Have a heart for the poor little nipper,
It's his glands, every time, it's his glands.

—*J. E. M.*



Teacher: "*What country are we living in Johnny?*"
Pupil: "*Ottawa.*"
Teacher: "*No, that's a city—what country?*"
Pupil: "*Canada.*"
Teacher: "*Now, what's the capital of Canada.*"
Pupil: "C."

"Four!"

G—G—G

Special S. A. Services

Sunday afternoon Ensign Martin and the Salvation Army Citadel band conducted a service in the City Hall, during which some of the inmates declared themselves anxious to live a better life.

—*Sherbrooke Daily Record.*

It is understood that there is a demand for similar services to be held in various other cities.

G—G—G

In a recent trial, a prominent golfer announced that he had found several new links in the evidence.

G—G—G

With Turkey already so much up in the air, what will happen when some one actually gets her Angora?

Rugby Gossip

Standing Room Only: Wow! Look at that guy fumble th' ball! That team's got about as much combination as a pair of pyjamas. I dunno why I didn't spend my shinplaster on a good neck shave instead of this exhibition of Mack Sennett tumbling. Soak him! Put that guy off. Hully Chee, these bozos play football like it was croquet at the old ladies' home.

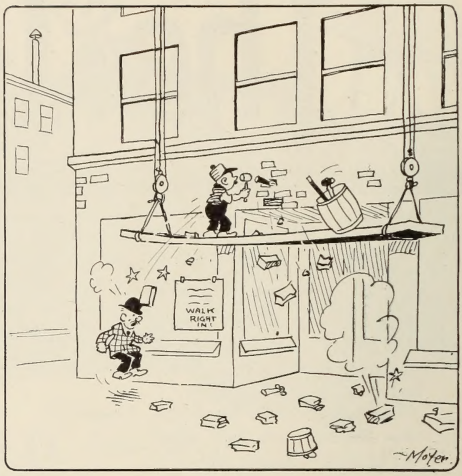
Bleachers: Zowie! Zowie! Zoom! Come on team! Atta Boy Cholly! Get that Christie! Pass him up! Pass HIM up! PASS HIM UP! Hold that line, boys! I got five bucks on this game. Sure, I'm gonna see the game in Montreal. Hal and me are gonna ride the bumpers. Holy CAT! Did you see that drop? Yea, team!

Grand Stand: Of course you're coming to the tea dance at the house after the game. That quarter back is awfully clever. Who's the little queen with Jerry? Sorry I'm dated up for all next week. She sure is chilly. I'm glad I brought my coon. Harry Beamer has gone Kappa Phi. We have two men on the team this year, nice looking chaps, both of them. What's that? A touch in the first quarter? I guess I win that fifty bucks.

Boxes: Sure t'ing, I allus buys box seats. De guys gets their hooch offa me an' gives me a good price so I figger it's only square I buy seats fur de games. Kinda gives ye de college spirit, see?

"Good Heavens! It says here that Teddy is seriously ill in the hospital.'

"Why, haven't you heard? He was attacked by a moth while brushing his dress suit."



Business as usual during alterations.

Keeping the Ball A-Rolling

Scene: A crowded dance floor.

Time: 1 A.M.

Characters: As follows:

An elderly lady: Doesn't little Matilda Spiffkinson look too darling for words!

A young man: Never in my life have I ever known such a complete dumbell as that Spiffkinson girl.

A maid: And theere's anuther wan of these to-morrow night.

A young lady: Got anything on your hip? The cocktails have died on me.

An exceedingly young man: I'm always so bored at a dance.

A middle-aged man: I tell you if you buy now, you *can't* lose.

An elderly man: Why, I actually believe he took me for the waiter!

Another young man: Not a drop left!

A waiter: I never seen such awful table manners.

A coat-room attendant: The next time I check his hat, I'll sit on it.

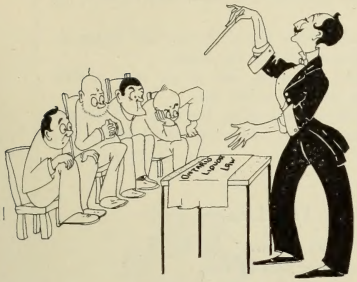
A very fat man: I must have lost almost ten pounds.

A middle-aged lady: No, I never stay later than five in the morning.

Another young lady: Take a chaperone with us? Don't be silly.

And even still another young man: Wow! But that Spiffkinson kid's a warm baby!

An old lady: Darling little Matilda. Such a dear, sweet child! —*John Torcross.*



The Conjurer

How It All Started

"LET'S try that bottle I bought from the taxi-driver."

"Just call up 5709 and ask for Louise."

"How about a quiet little game?"

"May I cut in?"

"Say! Who d'yah th'nk you're pushin', anyway!"

"Now, just listen in for a moment on WZMP."

"Will you marry me?"

—*Charles G. Shaw.*

G—G—G

"Ladies and gentlemen," announced the barker, "the Gypsy Queen will now read the Twenty-third Palm!"

G—G—G

Anthology of a Football Game

The goof who took the captain's sweetheart and feels about as essential as a colored waiter at a Ku Klux Konvention. . . . the rough-neck who smokes stogies in the grandstand. . . . the enthusiast who smashes all the hats in front of him every time the team makes a play . . . . the drunk who cheers every play—two minutes after. . . . the bleachers coach who gives free advice to all the players. . . . the unfortunate gent who got into the opposing cheering section by mistake whose restraint in cheering is exemplary. . . . the expert who has it all doped out. . . . the sweet young thing who regards the game as a prelude to a tea dance. . . . the old-timer who deplores the effeminacy of the modern game. . . . the prep. school delegation hoping to be mistaken for freshmen. . . . the misanthrope who invited two girls to the game. . . . the gratuitous guide who explains to everyone around him just what plays *should* have been used. . . . the critic with the thirteen and a half size collar who bawls out the players. . . . the amateur bookie. . . . the freshman who brought his family from East Dunkville feeling awkward in his Kollege Kut Klothes. . . . the teams who didn't notice them.

THE summer is past and I've lost my job
For the rush at the fountain's o'er.
And now that I'm free from my bondage I
Will go to some distant shore.

Where there's no ice cream!
Where there's no ice cream!
And soda's a mythical word.
Where chocolate milk shakes
And water-ice
Are as strange as the Goofa bird.

I'm sick of the sight and the sound and the smell
Of the *fountain*—Oh what a name!
I'd like to smash every one in the world—
That's my idea of fame.

I'm going away,
Away, away,
To a land where there's no ice cream,
Egg-drinks, or phosphates,
Or soda-fountains.
Ice-cream! Good Lord! I scream!

—*Dennis McGurk.*

Bobbie: "Mummy, hasn't the bishop got lovely legs for holding bottles when he's drawing corks out!"

In The Matter of Prejudice

I COULD never fall in love with a girl who called herself Gwladys.

I have never had the slightest inclination to partake of pistachio ice cream, egg plant, pickled oysters, prune whip, jellied eels or gooseberry pie.

I am immediately suspicious of all men who carry their own decks of playing cards.

I cannot abide Greek ginger-ale.

I avoid all roulette "systems."

I have never been able to smoke corn-silk cigarettes.

I heartily dislike cold shower baths, camping-out expeditions, and liverwürst.

I am at once wary of anyone who tells me he knows of a "dead sure tip" on the Stock Market.

I detest all varieties of folding beds.

I have never had a friend who went in heavily for mountain climbing or sword swallowing.

I do not like excursion picnics, long conversations about golf scores, all conversations about Prohibition, shoes that are too tight, women who tell me that I remind them of their husbands, conundrums that have no answers, people who write "chain letters," tacks on the bed-room floor, imitation marble and home-made champagne. —*Andre Saville.*

G—G—G

Under The Head of Pleasure

"YES, isn't the floor crowded. Still, I suppose we might as well try to dance; it's impossible to get a waiter."

"Of all the —— —— —— luck! That's the seventh ball I've lost this afternoon."

"Now, if you'd only returned my club lead! But why spades? WHY? You're certainly a great help!"

"Yes, I'm dining with the Jonesleighs. I'd give anything to get out of it."

"Maybe if we turn off the main road, there'll be less dust."

"The ginger ale bottles are all broken and someone's dropped the chocolate cake in the sand."

"Yes, the sun's scorching, but if we stick a little while longer, we may get a bite yet."

"Guess we'd better be making for shore. Certainly looks like a squall ahead and everybody's pretty seasick." —*John Torcross.*

G—G—G

When The Leaves Fall

Indian summer time is here.
Time of harvest and husking bee,
Mellowest season of all the year,
Earth yields treasures she held in fee,
Time when the leaves turn red, then sere,
Fluttering down from each wind-kissed tree,
Covering lawns like a bronze-gold lake—
Making the deuce of a job to rake.
Now the murmuring zephyrs lisp,
Laden with scent of the ripened grain,
Fraught with the fragrance of haymound's wisp,
Fast they weave in an airy skein
Smoke from the leaf heaps, crackling crisp,
Wafting redolence through the lane,
Bringing complaints from the raker's spouse
At clouds of smoke choking up the house.
—*Fairfax Downey.*

G—G—G

Cheerful Wedding Guest (showing beautiful lady the presents): "See that man over there. He's a detective guarding the presents."

Lady: "Indeed? What makes you think he is?"

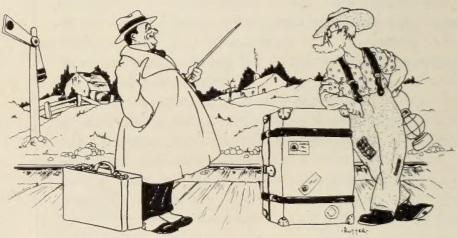
C. W. G.: "Look at the size of his feet."

Lady: "As a matter of fact he's my husband."

G—G—G

"Jackson is a man you don't meet every day?"

"I don't meet him at all. He owes me five dollars."



City Visitor: "You been living around here long?"
Rustic: "Eighty-nine years."
City Visitor: "Is that so? Who's the oldest inhabitant in these parts?"
Rustic: "My grandfather."

"And She Learned About Meighen From Them."

"Once bit—" Boy: "Client to see yer." Lawyer: "New one or old one?" Boy: "New one, o' course."

College Stuff

Sing me a song of the Campus,
Of Profs. and Sophomores,
Where sprightly Co-eds vamp us,
Oh, sing of Rugby Scores!

Oh, shout of Punts and Passes,
Of Undergrads. and Frats.,
Dilate on Cutting Classes
And Dormitory Chats.

Oh, tell of Meds. and Science,
Of Maths. and Poly Cons.
And don't forget to mention
The Deans (or are they Dons?)

Oh, yell of College Spirit
With lots of vim and Jingo,
For I'm a greenish freshman
And I want to learn the lingo.

G—G—G

"Will you be good enough to come up here, little girl?" asked St. Peter.

Roughly speaking: A tough joint.

Dora: No, No, Luke, I Brand That As Lie!

Luke: Ah, Dora, I Mourn Fact, But Probe Has Bared All.

Dora: Luke, Luke, Hear Me, Or Will Slay Self.

Luke: (bitterly.) Knew Horace?

Dora: Admit Knowing Horace.

Luke: (doggedly.) Visited Love Nest Last April?

Dora: (wildly), Claim Never Saw Love Nest!

Luke: Claim Not Veiled Woman Seen By Janitor?

Dora: Claim, Luke, Claim!

Luke: Trail Led To Door, Dora.

Dora: Lie, I Cry.

Luke: (weeping.) Dora, Braved All For You, Wooed And Won. Wanted To Marry. First Suspicion When Speeding Car Crashed Into R. R. Train, Two Injured, One You, Dora.

Dora: Lie, I Cry.

Luke: I Brand Horace Your Affinity!

(Enter Horace)

Horace: (unsuspicious of trouble.) Traffic Jammed As Tot Dies Under Heels Of Runaway. Millions, Including Me, Delayed.

Luke: Viper, I cry.

Dora: I Faint.

Horace: Deny Allegation.

Dora: Oh, Horace, Tell All.

Luke: (coldly.) Charge You, Horace Pew, As Love Pirate, And You, Dora Glutz, As Soul Mate.

Dora: (shrieking.) I Shriek, Swoon, Throwing Room Into Uproar.

Horace: (bravely) Must End Weird Scene. Will K. O. You Unless You Retract Charges.

Dora: Do Not Clash!

Luke: Ah, Threaten Foul Play!

Horace: (ironically.) I Laud Your Knowledge.

Luke: I Seek Justice. Your Wiles Lured Lass To Love Nest. Can Prove Sleuths Trapped Pair There. Gun Battle Narrowly Averted.

Horace: (still ironic.) Why Not Ask Love Balm?

Dora: God!

Luke: (angrily.) Will Not Be Quizzed, I Cry.

Horace: Then I Flay You As Brute, Flout You, And Link You With Montreal Interests.

Luke: Take That.

(Slays other man, turns gun on self, and all die in love pact).

End

Ontario Song

Little streams of whiskey,
Little bits of rum,
Put our prohibition
Rather on the bum.

G—G—G

In New York State, individuals masquerading as prohibition officers are extorting bribes from bootleggers. It is said this unfair competition with the real dry agents will have to stop.

G—G—G

Ye Tactful Lover

If I were a millionaire or king
And you were a heathen slave,
I'd make you a glittering, gorgeous thing
And we'd sail on the bounding wave.

I'd give you the joys of eternal spring
And you'd bask in the things you crave,
If I were a millionaire or king
And you were a heathen slave.

But I am a slave, and you, cherie,
Have a million bucks or two,
So let's be wed and you give me
What I would have given you.

—*O. P. Rechnitzer.*

She: "You know, my heart is in the sea!"
He: "Heavens! You've gone one better than me!"

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20c a copy
$2.25 a year

Managing Editor — Keith Crombie

October 23rd

On October 23rd Ontario will vote on the O. T. A. On this date the whole principle of prohibition will again be on trial.

One cannot find fault with a teetotaller who is what he is from his own free will, and by his own choice, any more than one could find fault with a man who practised vegetarianism. But do prohibitionists admit that if vegetarianism increased to such an extent that its followers numbered more than half the population they would have the right to decree that no one should eat any meat?

The prohibitionist will reply that the cases are not parallel, that meat is a food while alcoholic drinks are useless, noxious poisons. But is that true? Some scientists aver that meat-eating is the cause of most of our human ailments, while some American medical men have lately discovered by examination of life insurance statistics that the moderate drinker has a greater expectation of life than the teetotaller.

Thus the question becomes one not of remedying an evil by legislation, but of the right of a majority to abrogate an established right, in this case the right to consume liquor as a beverage, a right which is generally admitted throughout the world, and which is not denied by the *custom* (though in one or two cases it is by the legislation) of any Christian country.

Can an honest teetotaller in the face of such a mass of contradictory evidence, both for and against the use of liquor, but knowing that there are a sufficient number of people in the country who believe in their right to drink to make a prohibition law unenforcible, can such a man conscientiously keep on trying by legislation to force a personal prejudice upon those who disagree with him?

It has now become almost a platitude to say that you can't change human nature by legislation, but it is none the less true. The man who is determined to get out and make a beast of himself over liquor will do it anyway, with or without prohibition. It is the average man who is really affected by prohibition. It attempts to cut off one of his chief sources of relaxation.

In connection with this point, we have a shrewd suspicion that the zeal of many a prohibitionist is actuated not by the ruin which drink may have brought to the occasional man, but the pleasure which it has given to the many and which the prohibitionist believes to be wicked.

A man of unbiased and sane mind who thinks the matter out can only have one verdict on prohibition.

Potage Canadien

NOTES ON COLLEGE SPIRIT

It is a fact that the attachment felt for a school or college by the students thereof is generally in inverse ratio to the size of the institution. In a rugby game between a small college and a large one the number of supporters who earnestly yell themselves hoarse and in their hearts devoutly pray that old X. Y. C. will win is probably larger on the side of the former. The flashlights taken at the reunions of the colleges of the five hundred student population class show a greater percentage of grey beards than those of the brain-filling stations that boast five thousand undergraduates.

Another factor making for the same results is segregation. Everyone knows that the boarders got a lot more out of their prep. school days than the more or less despised day boys.

The trouble with the University of Toronto is that it has been too successful, is too large. To most of the students living in boarding houses or flats it is nothing more or less than a glorified high school. Hart House does much to counteract this evil; so do the fraternities. Nevertheless, real college spirit will never fully permeate the halls of the U. of T. again until a greater percentage of the students are able to live in residence. It is in the impromptu smokers in somebody's bedroom, where the age-old problems of the world are solved with didactic vigour, that the true *amor almae materis* is born.

—*J. E. M.*

G—G—G

INTOLERANCE

The intolerance of the bad egg who suddenly gets religion is equalled in only one manifestation: the attitude of the fall sophomore towards the freshman.

G—G—G

WHAT GOOD?

After four years' cheering at football games, hockey matches, track meets, etc., the average college graduate is still unable to compete with a good lunged vegetable man or junk collector. What good is a college education anyway?

G—G—G

APOLOGIA PRO VITA SUA

I had known Marcus Geroy for years; went to school with him. You know, the chap who's been arrested for sending a threatening letter to the Prince of Wales. I was, of course, much upset to learn that he'd got into trouble. I went to see him.

"What was the great idea?" I said.

He laughed in the whimsical way I remember during many a lark in Oswego county.

"This bloated democracy doesn't know a benefactor when it sees one," he remarked.

"Just so," I said, "but you have no grudge against the young man."

"Not the slightest. And I was trying to do a good turn both to him and the British Empire."

I raised my eyebrows, interrogatively.

"I wanted him across the line, for his own sake and I wished to preserve the sanity of this Great Republic, which was going mad about him. Democracy on bended knee! It was Democracy on its stomach!"

"And what are you going to do now? What defence can you make?"

"I've been thinking it out," said Mark. "At present I can use two lines of defence and I'm not sure which I shall take. The first is that I'm insane and that I've been driven insane by the newspapers telling me what the prince wears, what he eats, what he drinks, what he smokes—his wilted collar and his antipathy to bobbed hair—and the rest. The second is that I'm the only man left sane, and if they put me away the whole blasted nation will be mad."

—*A. B.*

G—G—G

SEVERED FRIENDSHIPS

I have numerous friends in Toronto. Many of them I have known only a few years. Yet I know these more recent acquaintances best and have called on them most for they have ever breathed the essence of hospitality and never have I experienced a dull evening in any of their homes.

They are exclusive — these, my more recent friends: of the most exclusive in Toronto. I can well remember what difficulties and formalities had to be endured in order that I might meet each of them; what trepidations and heart-flutterings I experienced before gaining the entreé to their homes. Often with more difficulty, but always with more pleasure, do I recall the many happy evenings spent as their guest. Scarcely ever have I called on one of them without finding some interesting celebrity, pleased and satisfied at having had opened for him the doors of Toronto's élite. Actors, writers, judges, even more public personages are to be found sharing the hospitality of my friends. There at select little supper parties I have had the privilege of discussing with such men everything from world politics to bridge. Often, too, with time hanging heavily, have I dropped in at one of these homes and spent a pleasant hour or two of an evening that had previously promised little amusement.

I have much for which to be grateful. These friends have made Toronto a pleasant place for me, and no one more than I can appreciate their kindnesses and hospitality during these last few years. Yet, despite all this, our friendship is to be broken. Each day our relations are growing more strained. A barrier is rising between us and day by day I see the end of our friendship creep nearer. Nothing can prevent it.

As in the severing of all friendships, this break is being brought about by our disagreeing, by a clash of opinions and interests. I am to lose these friends because of my political, social and ethical convictions. But I shall be firm and steadfast to those convictions. My friends will oppose me, for their very existence depends upon it. I am supporting the Moderation League in the October Plebiscite. These hospitable people, so considerate to me in the past, will oppose me as Prohibitionists. But forgive them, as I have, for they have reason. They are, you understand, the bootleggers of Toronto.

—*A. K.*

Little Jones: "Miss Smith—Eva—my thoughts have long been—er—centred on one great object."

A Few Week-end Portraits

TIPPLETON, FREDDIE—Likely to stay over till Tuesday or even later. Prefers Scotch to gin, but will drink anything in a pinch. A perfect fiend at Mah-Jong. Has a repertoire of three anecdotes.

Spiffleby, Harry—The Life of the Party after 9 P.M. but not much during the day. Never rises before noon. Invariably wears a gardenia in his buttonhole. Smokes all the cigarettes in the house within the first three hours after his arrival.

Blinkley, George—Always doubles an original three no-trump on principle. A tango hound. Never a knock-out, but improves after his third cocktail. Wears double-breasted waistcoats at dinner. Invariably runs out of cash.

Dillingsgate, Jack—Apt to be suddenly called away to town to see his lawyer. Always has to borrow someone else's shirt-studs. Fond of tackling politics.

Flippet, Clyde—Arrives with at least a half dozen kit bags, but never has enough collars to last over Sunday. Talks of his experiences at Washington during the war. An expert at match tricks and backgammon. Likes old brandy.

Barrowsmythe, Dick—A tea guzzler. Also goes in heavily for Wesh rabbits. Smokes long black cigars, the stubs of which he leaves all over the house. Usually goes to sleep during lunch.

Allenby, Will—Never wears a hat. Carries on lengthy conversations with the butler and warbles Irish ballads. Is forever ringing in "the dear old days in India." An authority on home-brew.

Hemmingleigh, Bob—A whizz at croquet and doesn't care who knows it. An early riser, but spends most of the morning shaving. Always tells the hostess how well she is looking. Fond of débutantes and caviar patés.

Tipley, Reggie—Almost certain to arrive pickled. Full of long-winded anecdotes about fox-hunting devoid of any point. No use after 11 P.M. Smokes a meerschaum pipe which belonged to his grandfather.

Cliffords, Jim—A fool over charades. Usually thinks it is going to rain. A weather conversationalist. Will stay on indefinitely. Puts salt in his beer and is occasionally drinking someone's health. Apt to arrive a day or so late.

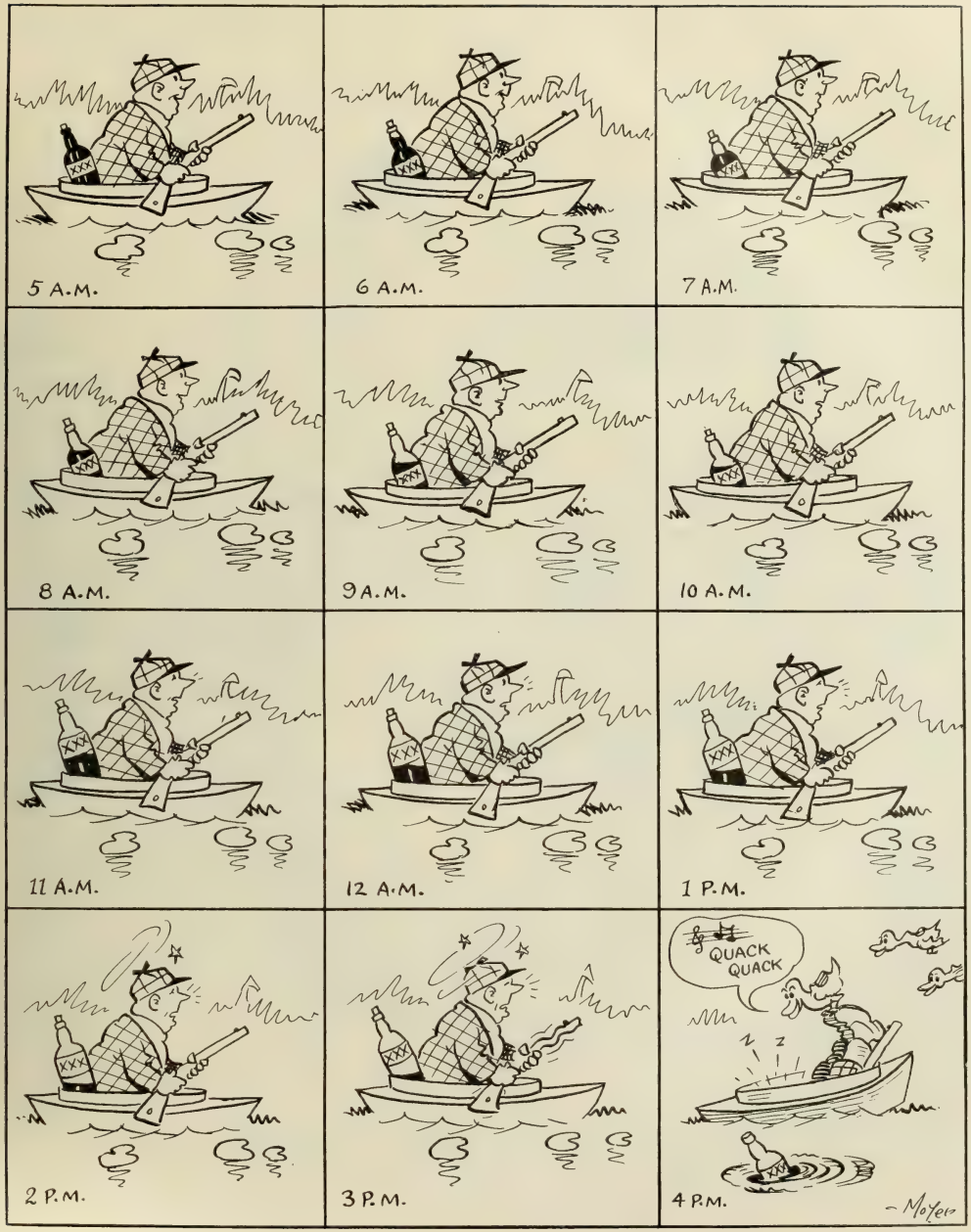
—*Charles G. Shaw.*

G—G—G

New Equipment Ordered For Oshawa Fire Brigade

—*Toronto Globe.*

Somebody must have pinched the old checker board.


5 A.M.
6 A.M.
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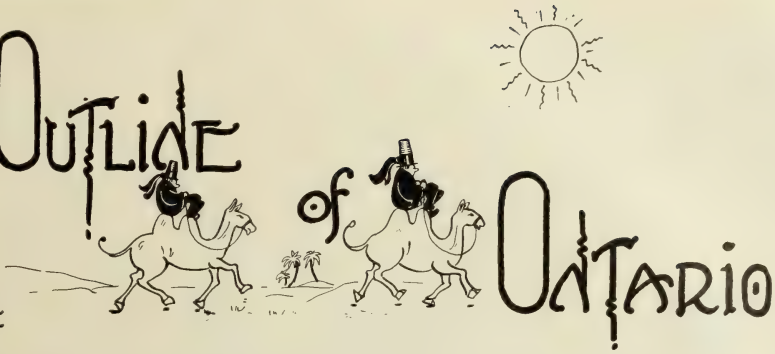
9 A.M.
10 A.M.
11 A.M.
12 A.M.
1 P.M.
2 P.M.
3 P.M.
QUACK QUACK
4 P.M.
- Moyer

"Do angels have wings?" "Yes, darling."
"Can they fly?" "Yes, dear."
"Then when is nursie going to fly, 'cause daddy called her an angel last night?"
"This very afternoon, darling!"

The Outline of Ontario

By Leslie McFarlane



No. 1—The Province

You can blame this on H. G. Wells; he has been blamed for so many things that one more won't matter. But if he hadn't started the fad by writing an Outline of History that has proven one of the best works in existence for pressing trousers overnight, and even more ideal than the dictionary for enabling small boys to be seated abreast with the table for Sunday dinner, this Outline would never have been attempted. But, with publication of Outlines of Literature, Art, Geology, Motion Pictures, Mexican History, Industries of Southern Siam and Religions of Ancient Rome, there seems to be no reason why a simple little Outline of Ontario, containing instructive and entertaining facts regarding the past, present and future of that province should not be forthcoming.

For the present, we will content ourself with a resume of the province as a whole. There will follow chapters on the Niagara or Honeymoon District, Northern Ontario, with its great open faces, the Glengarry Area, where the wild haggis still roams unmolested and from which territory bagpipe players cannot be extradited—and so on.

Thus, in the approved geographical manner:

Ontario is a large body of, as yet, very dry land.

It is bounded on the west by empty bottles, once the property of the Manitoba Liquor Commission; on the east by a fascinating line of beer taverns on the wrong side of the Ottawa River; on the south by customs inspectors, and on the north by Hudson Bay factors, their beautiful daughters, Mounted Police, villainous, but well-educated half-breeds, husky dogs, Esquimaux and other fauna.

The chief industries of Ontario are mining, lumbering, manufacturing, dairying, beating the income tax, talking politics and agreeing that we might as well be getting the money Quebec is raking in from the tourist traffic.

The chief imports of Ontario are tourists inquiring the way to Quebec, popular songs assuring us of continued fair weather for all future time, and bathing girl stickers for motor-cars.

"Massacre myriads of mosquitoes and tell visitors about the cold dry winters."

The chief exports are hockey players and souvenirs of Niagara Falls, Ont. This latter item is almost balanced by imports of souvenirs of Niagara Falls, N.Y.

The population of Ontario is divided into three parts, those who remember when there was once a dense forest on the site of the present Town Hall, those who are figuring out when the election is coming and whether it will hold lucrative opportunities, and those who wonder if there will be any static in the air to-night.

The people of the province are sport-loving. Indoor sports consist of kicking about the weather and wondering how long it would take to buy a new flivver on the installment plan. Outdoor sports consist of bawling out the hockey referees, hanging onto the canoe until help arrives, and stepping outside before going to bed, to see how low the thermometer has gone.

Ontario has a very bracing climate. In the winter the people freeze their noses when they open the door in the morning to ask the milkman for a quart; all winter long they brag about the glorious summer weather with which the province is blessed. In the summer they massacre myriads of mosquitoes and tell visitors all about the cold, dry winters which make Ontario one of the healthiest places in the world.

"Hull, with its winding streets which occasionally revolve."

The people of Ontario are genial and hard-working. If we wrote otherwise we wouldn't be fool enough to put our name at the head of this article. The majority of the people have relatives out West, whom they intend to visit some day. The rest have relatives in Detroit. Others have them scattered in such places as Atlanta, Joliet, Leavenworth and Sing Sing.

Hundreds of tourists visit Ontario every fall for the hunting season. A lot of them travel back in the Pullman and quite a few go back in the baggage car providing there is assurance that the body will be taken care of at the border. Still others walk, for many of their fellow huntsmen shoot a wicked crap.

No. 2—The Niagara District

Writing about Ontario without telling about the Niagara district is like giving a travelogue on Switzerland without mentioning the Alps. In either case the half has not been told. To this end, therefore, one entire chapter of this Outline of Ontario is devoted to the Niagara peninsula, described with more or less enthusiasm by the tourist booklets and the residents as "the garden of Canada," "the modern Eden," or, to put it mildly, "the beauty spot of the Dominion."

Descriptions of this area must be emphatic. There is record of a callous gentleman who once got into serious trouble by referring, in a public speech, to the Niagara district simply as "a beautiful section of the country." Resolutions of protest were passed by no less than six Boards of Trade, he received scores of insulting letters from irate Niagarians, and the Bridgeburg Branch of the Ku Klux Klan warned him that kustomary klan kruelties would be perpetrated if he persisted in describing the peninsula in a manner so half-hearted as to be positively libellous. By a public apology in the newspapers and substituting a reference to the peninsula as "the most glorious paradise devised for the wonderment of man in the history of the world—a fair bower of roses, a vineyard, a fruitful land, of beauty unsurpassed, an oasis, an Aurora Borealis and a Matterhorne," the inhabitants of the district were mollified to some degree, but in some quarters this man is still regarded as a foul propagandist who would slur the fair name of the peninsula if he dared.

The Niagara district has two leading scources of revenue, the fruit orchards and the honeymoon couples. The climate is directly responsible for the presence of the former and Niagara Falls for the presence of the latter. The orchards every year send out many tons of fruit and the honeymooners send out many tons of picture postcards and souvenirs, and both industries will be sources of prosperity to the district as long as Niagara keeps falling and as long as fruit is grown.

Fruit-growing is a most engrossing industry. Until the harvest, the fruit growers are hard put to while away the time, and were it not for the fact that the crop is ruined quite often there would doubtless be a record enrollment from this section for those correspondence schools which teach you how to make use of your spare time by learning scenario writing, knitting, sewing machine repairing, or growing mushrooms in the cellar.

Every year, one sees despatches in the papers tracing the progress of the fruit crop. Chronologically, they run somewhat in this manner:

Grimsby, Feb. 7.—Josiah Swozzle, oldest resident of the fruit belt, predicts a record fruit crop in the Niagara district this year, providing the climate remains stable.

Hamilton, March 14.—Fruit growers are dubious as to this year's prospects. "Unless the climate is favorable we will have a mighty poor crop," said a leading farmer here to-day.

Welland, April 23. — Ephraim Spligg, a Fonthill fruit grower, says the prospects for a good crop this year are of the best, if the climate remains favorable. The soil is as good as ever, he stated.

Port Colborne, May 19. — An electrical storm passed over this section last night, entirely ruining the fruit crop of the Niagara peninsula. Fruit growers agree that the loss is irreparable.

Port Colborne, May 20. — Government crop experts to-day estimated the damage done by the recent electrical storm and state that six apple trees were blown down on a farm near Bridgeburg.

St. Catharines, May 24.—A hailstorm passed over the Niagara district this morning, utterly ruining the fruit crop.

Hamilton, June 17. — Snow fell throughout the Niagara district last

"This is the life."

night. Farmers claim the fruit crop is ruined for good this time.

Grimsby, June 29.—The drought of the past month has totally destroyed the orchards all through the peninsula. The fruit crop is ruined yet.

St. Catharines, July 21. —Another electrical storm passed over the district to-day, again ruining the fruit crop.

Welland, Aug. 2. — Weather conditions this year have been most unfavorable to fruit growers, a leading orchard owner said to-day. Unless it stops raining soon even the field crops will be lost. The fruit crop, of course, is ruined.

St. Catharines, Sept. 7. —Niagara fruit crop this year is the record crop in the history of the peninsula, according to fruit growers. The unsurpassed climate of the Niagara district was never more superbly suited to fruit growing than this year, they state.

Proving, naturally, that nothing is ever so bad that it cannot be a great deal worse and that the most successful crops are those which have had to struggle and contend with the forces of nature and fight their way in the world. There is nothing like overcoming obstacles.

We were going to write something about Niagara Falls but haven't the space. What's the use. If you're married you've been there, and if your're not you'll probably be there some day anyway.

No. 3—In old Glengarry

One of the most picturesque and historic parts of Ontario is Glengarry County, the birthplace of many of Canada's best-known citizens. Who, for instance, has not heard of Mr. MacDonald? Or Mr. Macdonald? Or even Mr. McDonald? Or Mr. MacPherson? Or Mr. MacNabb? Or Mr. MacLeod, or MacPhie, or MacKenzie? All these men, whose names are known from one end of Canada to the other, in every city, every town, every hamlet, come from Glengarry County, or else their forefathers did.

Wifie: "Oh, Clarence, I'm so glad you've come back. I heard that some silly man had toppled over the cliffs—and I was afraid it might be you!"

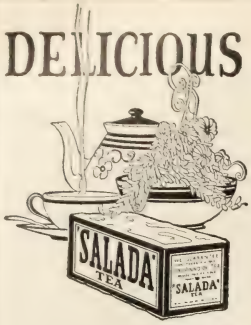
For in old Glengarry settled those sturdy Scots who migrated to Canada in those memorable lean years when the haggis crop failed in their native land. There are some old settlers still living in Glengarry who can remember the stories their fathers and mothers told of those dark days in Auld Scotia when the haggis trees failed to bloom, or the locusts ate up the young haggis plants or something, and for three long years not a solitary haggis grew to maturity the length and breadth of the Highlands. How the hardy natives subsisted on sporrans and nickie-tackies which, when picked at dawn on the heather-covered hillsides and immediately boiled, make a nourishing but tasteless food. How they subsisted thus until even their hardy constitutions could stand it no longer and, in desperation, they sought out the nearest steamship agent and beat him down on his summer excursion rates to Canada, the Land of Opportunity. How, weeping, they dismantled the old family stills on the hillsides and moved them across the ocean to Glengarry County. How, after they had been duly outfitted in Halifax, the Jewish merchants of that city were forced to hold a long series of "Special Clearance Sales," "Forced to Vacate," "Bankrupt Stock," and "Ready Cash Needed," sacrificial merchandising events, to recoup their serious losses.

Into Glengarry County they came and hewed for themselves a living from the forest and from the soil, and raised big families, so that to this day the telephone directories in that section of the province start right in at the Macs and end there.

If a person's name doesn't begin with a Mac, you may be sure he is not a bona-fide resident of Glengarry. A Mc is permitted, at least tolerated, although he is under suspicion of descending from North of Ireland stock. Within recent years, it is said, there has been a regrettable movement to introduce others than those of the true Highland blood, but these arrivals somehow become imbued with the environment before long and their off-

(*Continued on page 22*)

DELICIOUS



The Charm of Tea is in the Flavour—and true appreciation of the superior qualities of Salada Tea can only come through the tea-cup. Each cup embodies all that is finest in tea—full, fresh flavor, fragrant aroma, delicious purity.

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Unusual Values

NABOB
A pure badger brush, at the unheard-of price of
$3.00
Absolutely Guaranteed.

MOGUL
A bristle brush of splendid quality. Good for use with mug, stick or powder.
$1.25

RAJAH
Particularly built for the man who uses a shaving stick, but equally efficient with soap or cream.
Unusual value at
$1.50

T. S. Simms and Co. Limited
ST. JOHN, N.B.
Montreal Toronto London Winnipeg

Ask for them by name.

Sold at all good stores.

TRADE SIMMS SET IN RUBBER MARK

24

Lather Brushes

Aspirin

Say "Bayer"–Genuine!

BAYER

Colds

Genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" have been proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over twenty-three years for Colds and grippe misery. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost only few cents at any drug store. Each package contains proven directions for Colds and tells how to prepare an Aspirin gargle for sore throat and tonsilitis. Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

"Did you enjoy the amateur dramatic show last night?"

"Well, I thought it was too realistic."

"Really?"

"Yes, it said on the programme, 'One hour is supposed to elapse between the first and second acts,' and it actually did."

—*Windsor Magazine.*

G—G—G

The Empty Place

The minister was retiring, and the deacon, on behalf of himself and his colleague, was making a little speech of farewell. "Well, sir," he said, there's always an end to everything, and we are sorry you're going. We'll often look towards that end of the table where you've sat so often these three years, sir, and every time we do so we shall miss your vacant face."

—*The Tatler.*

G—G—G

He (ardently): "Have you never met a man whose touch seemed to thrill every fibre of your being?"

She: "Oh, yes, once—a dentist."

—*Boston Transcript.*

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Who are we for
Patterson's Chocolates
Raah-aah---.

Patterson Candy Co.
LIMITED
TORONTO

THE R.S. WILLIAMS & SONS CO. LIMITED

HEADQUARTERS FOR ALL MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS AND ACCESSORIES FOR THE JAZZ ORCHESTRA
145 YONGE ST. TORONTO

Get Together an Orchestra

The instruments are easy to learn, and the prices surprisingly low—and think of the fun!

TOWER'S
WATERPROOF
COLLEGE COATS
THE VARSITY
SNAPPY - SERVICEABLE
Absolute Protection at Low Cost
ALL THE GO WITH COLLEGE MEN AND BOYS

Color is of a Pleasing Yellow or Olive Khaki
MADE IN MEN'S AND BOYS' SIZES
For sale by the leading student's supply merchants

TOWER'S TRADE MARK FISH BRAND

"The Rainy Day Pal"

Tower Canadian Limited
Toronto
Branches:
Vancouver Montreal, Winnipeg Halifax

An Outline of Ontario

(Continued from page 19)

spring blossom forth on the school registers as MacSlopowsky, MacAroni, MacPopopolopolous, MacSpittinen and MacCorrigan, to mingle freely with the MacDonalds, the McDonalds, and even the Macdonalds, in the shady vales of Glen Kilt and the reaches of Black Horse Tarn.

Curious Highland customs still prevail in Glengarry County, notably that of having porridge for breakfast. The spread of this habit has been checked in other parts of the Dominion, but in Glengarry it still retains a firm hold. Breakfast food salesmen from Battle Creek, Mich., and Niagara Falls, N.Y., have avoided Glengarry County ever since the day one of their number returned from that section with nothing more than an empty order book and seven requests for free sample packages written on the back of an envelope.

The insidious bagpipe habit has not altogether been wiped out either and this occasionally breaks out in debauches known as piping contests, wherein prizes are offered to the piper who can hold forth longer than any other competitor. It is on record that one dishonest rascal once came near taking first prize by concealing a small pig in his bagpipe, then making a pretence at playing the instrument. The pig, naturally, squealed in terror and, although the contest went on for a day and a half, until only three pipers were left, the deception was not discovered. It proved too much for the pig, however, and the animal died, first prize ultimately going to a red-faced old veteran who could blow up a balloon and never notice it. At that, the defeated one received many congratulations on his fine performance, many going so far as to state their opinions that his playing was much superior in tone and shading to that of the ultimate winner.

These bagpipe orgies are, however, dying a natural death

(Continued on page 30)

We Amaze Men

With this Shaving Cream, whatever they expect

By V. K. CASSADY, *Chief Chemist*

GENTLEMEN:

Our claims for Palmolive Shaving Cream sound almost too good to be true. But they tempt millions to ask for samples.

Then comes the test. Our cause is lost—and forever—if we fail to make good on these claims.

We do make good. More than that, the most skeptical are amazed. They do more to advertise Palmolive Shaving Cream than anything I write.

The talk of a nation

This Cream has become a sensation. Few creations ever won so quickly such multitudes of converts.

Just because we learned the five things that men wanted most. We worked 18 months to excel in those things—made up 130 separate formulas. And our knowledge of soap, gained in lifetimes of study, gave us the needed skill.

Now give us a Chance

We offer a Shaving Cream which millions regard as a marvelous advancement. So will you regard it.

We ask you to accept a Ten-Shave Test to prove the claims we make. Do this in justice to yourself and us. It may mean a lifetime of new shaving delights.

5 *delights*

1—Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.

2—Softens the beard in one minute.

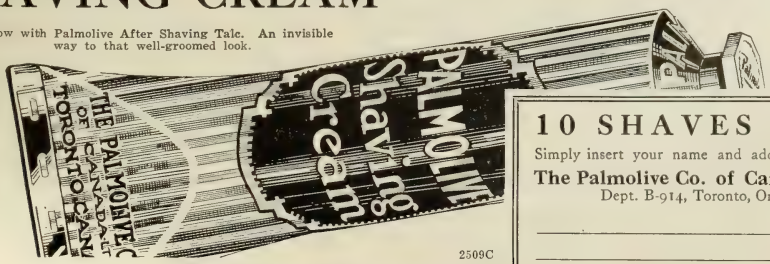
3—Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.

4—Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.

5—Fine after-effects, due to palm and olive oils.

PALMOLIVE SHAVING CREAM

Follow with Palmolive After Shaving Talc. An invisible way to that well-groomed look.



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10 SHAVES FREE

Simply insert your name and address and mail

The Palmolive Co. of Canada, Ltd.
Dept. B-914, Toronto, Ontario

_____

_____

The Worst Age

"How old is that flapper?"
"In her early nicoteens." —*Life.*

G—G—G

Revived

Two Scots were staying in a London hotel for the first time in their lives. When they had been shown to their bedroom, one of the visitors discovered that there was no soap in his dish, so he rang the bell and a chambermaid quickly appeared.

"Ye micht bring up a wee bittie o' sape," requested the Scot.

The girl looked at the guest in open-mouthed bewilderment, unable to understand a word he said.

"Dom it, lassie," thundered the irritated gentleman from the North, "can ye no' understand plain Scotch?"

The maid gave a sigh of relief and departed, to return in a few moments with a bottle and two glasses.

—*Sporting and Dramatic News.*

G—G—G

No Backing Out

She: "If wishes came true, what would be your first?"

He: "I would wish—ah, if only I dared tell you."

She: "Go on, go on. What do you think I brought up wishing for?"

—*Jack o'Lantern.*

G—G—G

A Bargain

An ancient car chugged painfully up to the gates of the racecourse. The gatekeeper, demanding the usual fee, called out, "Five shillings for the car!"

The owner looked up with a pathetic smile. "Sold," he said.

—*McKendree Review.*

G—G—G

"If you tell a man anything it goes in at one ear and goes out of the other," she remarked.

"And if you tell a woman anything," he countered, "it goes in at both ears and out of her mouth."

—*Irish Independent Weekly.*

G—G—G

"How long is it going to take to get through with this case?" asked the client who was under suspicion of housebreaking.

"Well," replied the young barrister, thoughtfully, "it'll take me about two weeks, but I'm afraid it's going to take you about four years."

—*Montreal Star.*

The BROCK HAT
A Canadian Achievement

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The Crowning Touch

Brock styles reflect good taste.

Brock shades are the newest and most beautiful.

Months of stylish service will convince you that Brock appearance is backed by genuine Brock quality.

THE WOLTHAUSEN HAT CORPORATION LIMITED.
BROCKVILLE, ONT.

The Duffer: "Here, caddy, we've made another mistake—we're in the bunker over the green."

The Caddy (resenting the pronoun): "So we are. We're a couple of proper bloomin' duds, ain't we?"

—*The Bulletin, Sydney.*

G—G—G

"Joe says he got an awful kick out of the show last night."

"He did. He forgot his ticket."

—*Chaparral.*

G—G—G

"Mother, is it true that an apple a day keeps the doctor away?"

"Yes, Jimmy. Why?"

" 'Cause if it is, I kept about ten doctors away this morning—but I'm afraid one'll have to come soon."

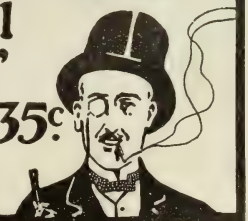
—*Bolton Evening News.*

G—G—G

All work and no play makes jack. —*Stone Mill.*

Little Shop 'Round the Corner
1184 Bay Street
An interesting Lending Library.
Books for sale.
Gifts of all kinds.
Cards for birthdays and other days.
On Bay Street, south of Bloor, and just around the corner from Ashley & Crippen.

"There's *something* about them you'll like"
20 for 35c



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Tareyton
London Cigarettes

and for your pipe
LONDON
SMOKING
MIXTURE
"THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT IT YOU'LL LIKE"

They Introduce a New Era in Motoring

"Gutta Percha"

BALLOON

CORD TIRES

Low Air Pressure—Tire Flows Over Obstacles Without a Bump.

GUTTA PERCHA & RUBBER, LIMITED

Head Office and Factories, Toronto

Branches in all Leading Cities in Canada

"All the world loves a lover"

And whoever heard of a modern lover who did not lay his offerings of fidelity at her feet in the form of the choicest chocolates made?

The fair daughters of Canada have become vocal with pretty gratitude on many occasions because His fine discrimination sensed that Moir's and Moir's alone spell certain vivacious and radiant reception from lovely ladies.

Sold in your Neighbourhood

MOIRS LIMITED - HALIFAX

MOIR'S *Chocolates*

119

A bird in the hand is bad table manners. —*Spencerian Owl.*

G—G—G

He—When I learned that your parents objected to our marriage, I wanted to shoot myself, but I didn't have a gun.

She—Oh, Jack, why didn't you let me know? —*Royal Gaboon.*

G—G—G

Annie—Last week he sent me candy, saying sweets to the sweet.

Laurie—A pretty sentiment. What of it?

Annie—But now he sends me an ivory hair brush. —*Tiger.*

G—G—G

He—You live in the house next door, don't you?

She—Yes.

He—I haven't seen much of you.

She—No, I live on the other side of the house. —*Showme.*

G—G—G

Over the Line

Central—Number, please.

Quarterback (Absently)—63-21-11 Shift! —*Purple Parrot.*

G—G—G

"It's no good mincing matters," said the doctor, "you are very bad. Is there anybody you would like to see?"

"Yes," replied the patient faintly.

"Who is it?" queried the doctor.

"Another doctor, please," whispered the invalid.

—*Beckenham Journal.*

SANDHILLS

by Hugh McNair Kahler and Donald G. Herring

Jane saw safety ahead until an overhanging branch dropped her into the path of the flames.

Sunday World Fiction

is first-run, first-rate fiction — not shopworn reprints from American magazines. Short stories every week selected from the best offerings of the world's master writers. Sunday World fiction is unequalled by that in any other magazine or newspaper published in Canada.

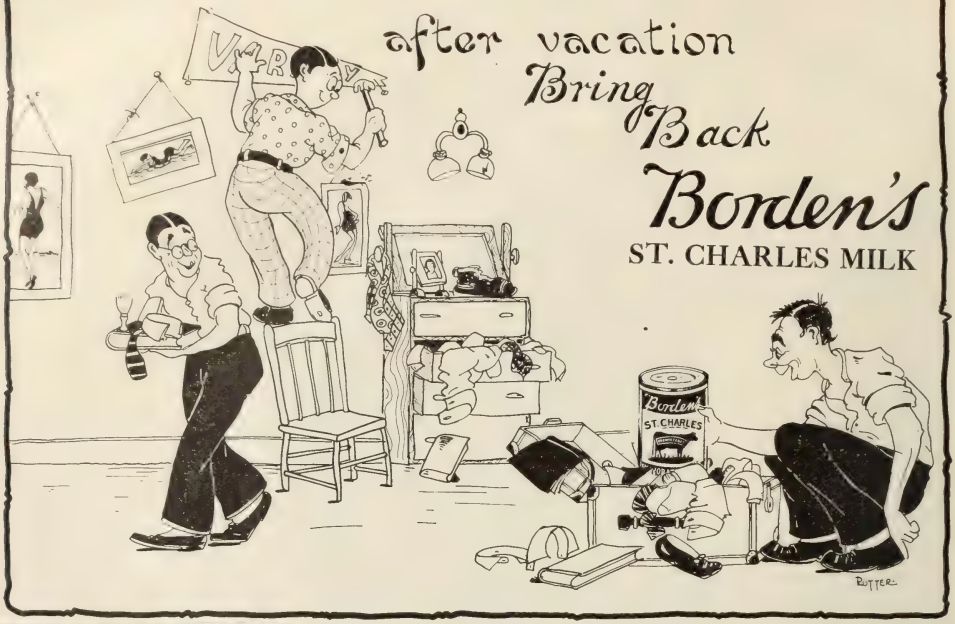
JANE BORDEN had married him, suddenly and unexpectedly—on an impulse. And then she had ridden over to tell the other man that their friendship must end. With dreams of happiness she rode to her husband's cabin—her own new home—and found him drunk, surly, vicious—more of a beast than a man.

A DRAMATIC SITUATION in a powerful story of the South! This new serial beginning early in October in the Toronto Sunday World is full of action and interest from the dashing forest fire rescue in the first installment to the adventurous moonshiners' raid in the last. The setting in these southern wastes of woods and sand is pleasing and unusual. And the plot maintains the interest all the way. Don't miss the opening installment.

Swift rides in the night through forest and sandhills.....a girl fighting for existence.....moonlight raids with horse and gun.....dark plotting and treachery.....love and adventure make up this fine story, soon to begin in the

Toronto Sunday World

after vacation
Bring Back
Borden's
ST. CHARLES MILK



As a mouthwash, gargle and to *prevent infection*

That never-empty place in medicine cabinets belongs to Absorbine, Jr.

As a mouthwash it is germ destroying, cleansing and refreshing.

As a gargle it soothes and relieves an irritated or swollen sore throat.

With a dentifrice it gets at crevice-hidden germs; keeps brush clean.

With a shampoo it destroys dandruff germs and stimulates the scalp.

It is delightful after shaving and a first aid for cuts and scratches.

At all druggists', $1.25, or postpaid. Liberal trial bottle, 10c., postpaid.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
209 Lyman Building
Montreal.

Absorbine, Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT
TRADE MARK

For above uses dilute Absorbine, Jr. with water. Use full strength as a liniment.

Rondeau of Rebellion

"The Prince of Wales thinks bobs
have come to stay."
"The Prince of Wales likes craps, but
does not play."
"The Prince of Wales is fond of
'one old cat.'"
"The Prince of Wales wears such
and such a hat."
"The Prince of Wales approves of
New York Bay."
"The Prince of Wales danced fox-
trots with Miss Gay,
Miss Simmons, Mrs. Ogg, and Miss
O'Shea."
He's all we read or hear or goggle
at—
The Prince of Wales.
They claim the public loves that stuff.
It may.
It's possible some folks do get that
way.
But as for me, "The Prince likes
this—does that"
After a month or so grows ver-reeee
flat.
I don't care one red copper WHAT
they say
(The prints) of Wales.

—*Baron Ireland, in N.Y. World.*

Overdue

The new play was a complete frost, and throughout the first two acts the audience listened in moody silence. In the third act there was a supposedly dramatic scene, and the hero cried out, "Ah . . . now is the time to act." "Thank heaven for that," came a fervent voice from the gallery.

—*The Tatler.*

G—G—G

The Usual Procedure

"The landlady threw my best coat and trousers out into the street."

"What did you do?"

"I followed suit."

—*St. John Globe.*

G—G—G

Nothing To Do

"The Dubbleighs had a mind reader at their house the other evening."

"What a dull time he must have had."

—*The Progressive Grocer.*

G—G—G

Sheer Carelessness

"Somehow, I never seem to be able to find things where I lay them," remarked the hen in the next yard.

—*Hamilton Royal Gaboon.*

Thousands Flee Heat When Thugs Seize Woman Lost Fifteen Years With Marked Bills

VICTORY SURE, HE SOBS

All Night Searchers Held on Heavy Bail as Heroine Sweeps City

They buried Jimmy Lefkowitz yesterday, and all Pearl Street was in mourning. When the hold-up men entered the place, each flourishing two guns, the telephone operator bravely remained at her post, making sure that all the guests had been aroused. In scanty attire more than 100 men and women fled through the smoke-filled halls and escaped to the street, while firemen battled with great sheets of flame that swept in from the open sea at a velocity of sixty miles an hour. At the suggestion of the Mayor, however, the indorsement was made unanimous.

Searchers combed the entire countryside in an all-night hunt, but could only report that tens of thousands visited the beaches to obtain relief from the sultry weather. She could no longer endure the mistreatment of her stepmother, Jennie said, and so she took $1.63 from her toy bank and was appointed Secretary of Transit Commission after an acrimonious debate on the part that women will play in the national election. Conservative estimates placed the damage at $10,000. At the hospital the victim said his attention had been called to the assault shortly after the gangster had shot him down.

Climbing slowly to the dizzy height of the upper span while the breathless crowd watched in an agony of suspense, the man poised for a fleeting second and then plunged into a mass of correspondence which had accumulated during his absence. An immediate blood transfusion operation was decided on.

"I shot him because I loved him," the woman chuckled, according to police, who found her loitering in the subway station with $15 in marked bills and a State bonus application blank. She said it was the roughest voyage of her sixty years' experience in the North Atlantic. "And besides," she added with eyes a-twinkle, "I never said that the Prince proposed to me."

The label on the bottle was marked "Cyanide," but despite the forty-minute tie-up, the speaker predicted an overwhelming majority in the event the prisoner was released on bail. There was no insurance.

—*Qwerty, in New York World.*

G—G—G

Hebrew (purchasing some glass)—Vhat is de price?

Clerk—Two dollars and thirty cents and the tax is extra.

Hebrew—Tax? I don't vant no tacks, I'm going to put it on vit putty.

Guinea Gold

CIGARETTES

MILD AND EXTRA FINE

12 FOR 15c

20 FOR 25c

OGDEN'S LIVERPOOL

Teacher: "What great event happened three hundred years ago?"

Pupil: "I don't know, sir! I'm only eight years old!

—*Tyrihans, Christiana.*

G—G—G

Daughter of hostess: (After fourth consecutive dance) Wasn't it perfectly thrilling that you should have been the early bird tonight?

Malheureux: Yes, and to make it more realistic, I seem to have caught the worm.

Whitborne Inn

169 COLLEGE STREET (Two Doors West of McCaul)

Phone: Trinity 9354

The handiest rendezvous in Toronto; just across the street from the University, and half way between the residential and shopping districts of the city.

LUNCHEON	12.00 to 2.00, — 35 & 50c.
TEA	3.00 to 5.00, — a la carte
DINNER	5.30 to 7.00, — 40 & 65c.

EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHTS
-for Safety's sake

Lucille is a bookworm, confirmed, it is true,
She reads every evening from nine until two,
But her passion for edification soon flees
When her sister appears with some

Ingersoll Cheese

Ingersoll
Cream Cheese
"Spreads Like Butter"

An Outline of Ontario

(Continued from page 22)

owing to the growing scarcity of judges and it will be only a few years before they are part and parcel of the past. The old judges have either died or fled the country and when, foreseeing a dearth of judges, the Glengarry Caledonian Society some years ago sought to educate school children to the love of bagpipe music, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children stepped in and forbade it.

No. 4—Ottawa, the capital of Canada.

In any resume of the province of Ontario one must not neglect Ottawa, the Capital of the Dominion, situated (by a curious coincidence) on the Ottawa River.

Ottawa is one of the most beautiful cities in Canada. It is immediately opposite the quaint little town of Hull, Que., where one may actually walk into a tavern and buy a quart of beer for two bits (pints, 15 cents), without the necessity of identifying one's self to the man behind the bar, or subsequently keeping an eye on the door for a cop. Incredible though it may seem, one can go into any of the numerous taverns in this quaint and admirable little town and drink all the beer one can hold, providing, of course, that one has the money to pay for it.

Hull, with its winding streets, which occasionally revolve and sometimes even sway gently back and forth, depending on whether or not you are used to the town, attracts many visitors from Ottawa each day. About six o'clock every night the street cars coming into Hull are loaded to capacity. After ten o'clock, when the taverns close, the street cars coming back to Ottawa are crowded with passengers also loaded to capacity.

At some places in Hull one can even obtain wine. To do

(Continued on page 31)

An Outline of Ontario

(Continued from page 30)

this, however, one must order a meal. The wine is only to help you digest it. In most instances the meal consists of a sandwich but if the customer insists it is often possible to obtain food in greater quantities. This, however, usually creates bad feeling on the part of the management. The sandwich custom often leads to many a regrettable *faux pas* on the part of visitors unaware of the quaint Quebec customs. When one orders wine, and the usual sandwich is served, one is not supposed, as a matter of common etiquette, to eat this sandwich. The writer can well remember a situation which occurred when he was in Hull gathering material for this article. While in a hotel, strictly in the course of this investigation, with a companion from Stayner, Ont., wine was ordered, solely that the readers of this magazine might learn how it is done.

Two veteran sandwiches were taken from a glass case on the counter and served with the wine. The writer's companion, who is not, it must be confessed, a member of any of our best families, callously picked up that inoffensive and hard-working sandwich and started to eat it. This atrocious breach of good manners did not pass unnoticed, you may be sure. There was a murmur of horrified protest from the regular customers, with whom that sandwich had always been a great favorite, having been served with their wine for months past, and the opinion was expressed that if our companion was hungry he should go to a restaurant. The upshot of it was that a bouncer was summoned, and he kicked the ill-mannered one out into the alley. Considerable bitterness prevailed, for the sandwich had seen much faithful service and would probably have been pensioned in a few days. A number of habitues of the hotel followed our companion out and warned him away from the place for the remainder of his natural life.

At ten o'clock every night the beer is "off," the doors of the taverns are locked and the lights are turned out, for the Quebec tavern keeper is a law-abiding soul. It is an extremely interesting sight when crowds of thirsty men race from the 9.57 cars to reach the nearest tavern before they are locked out, shouting their orders as they enter so that the beer may be on the table before the lights are extinguished. It is easy enough to drink beer in the dark, but if one is late and has to go up to the counter for it and bring it back to the table in the gloom, one is very apt to spill it.

This, then is Hull, immediately across the river from Ottawa.

Which reminds us that this article is about Ottawa, isn't it? There is no space left, unfortunately, so our readers are recommended to the Public School Geography or some similar work of reference if they are really anxious for information. A postcard, even, to the Board of Trade in Ottawa, should bring all the folders and circulars one would desire.

No. 5—The great open spaces of the North.

Northern Ontario is a vast section of land, aptly described by a movie title in the recent picture, "The Snow Bride," as "that boundless empire lying between civilization and the North Pole." Besides acting as a barrier between civilization and the Arctic regions, the North consists largely of great, open spaces which call seductively to tired business men in the southern, and civilized, areas. The attractions of Northern Ontario in the way of camping, hunting and fishing are too well-known for further comment, and anyway the railway companies aren't paying us to run this article.

Every year, however, tired business men go North to fish and camp and hunt. After they have duly slain black flies and mosquitoes, after they have fallen out of canoes into the beautiful Northern lakes, and after they have been mistaken for deer, they return home to rest up and brag about it. That makes the other business men tired too, especially if they have been up North before.

There is no more pathetic sight in this world than an Akron,

(Continued on page 34)

"Reggie, to what do you attribute your success in life?"

"Two things, dearie—My resemblance to the Prince of Wales, and my stock of Forsyth Shirts!"

John Forsyth Limited

Kitchener, Canada

College Humor

What it is
What it does

IT is exactly what its name indicates—**College Humor**—*your* humor. When it is advertised in street cars and PRINTER'S INK; when it is broadcasted by radio and whenever **College Humor** is read it popularizes your comic

IT is read by approximately 3,000,000 people each issue and focuses the attention of everybody on the college comics.

PAGE 79 of the Autumn Issue now on sale (the cover is reproduced at your left) tells you of the considerate policies of ***College Humor.*** We now maintain a College Comic Service Dept.

THE three letters at your left speak for themselves—for us—for you.

The college comic is popularized, advertised and helped nationally by

College Humor

Chicago, Ill.

DEAN AVERY, *Editor,*
"The Pelican,"
University of California.
Says: "The PELICAN has always regarded COLLEGE HUMOR as the most worthy magazine representing the college comics and is, as ever, behind you, shoulder and all You may look to us at any time for our utmost co-operation."

HARRY J. TAYLOR, *Editor,*
"The Virginia Reel,"
University of Virginia.
Says: "We appreciate your service to us. Your diversified advertising and material, by its nature, approaches our alumni and independent readers in a way which we could not hope to achieve in our own pages."

LAURENCE A. DUNN, *Bus. Mgr.,*
"Colorado Dodo,"
University of Colorado.
Says: "We believe you have done more than any other publication can ever do for all of the college comics of the country."

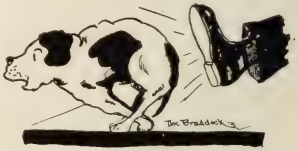
MORTAL DESIRES

Man wants but little here below,
On greed we place a check.
Man wants but little here below,
And gets it—in the neck.
—*Philadelphia Record.*

Man wants but little here below
Was stated, was it not?
A quite protracted time ago—
But now he wants a lot.
—*Ema Spencer in Newark Advocate.*

Man wants but little here below.
The ball of life—he nets it.
Man wants but little here. And oh,
He hardly ever gets it.
—*N. Y. World.*

"Man wants but little here below"
Is often quoted yet.
Man wants but little here—although
He'll take what he can get.
G—G—G



"It happened to occur."
—*Panther.*

Listen, Young Fellow!

Biltmore Hats are made for Good Heads

Pay yourself a neat compliment by getting under one this Fall.

Peerless Quality — Smart Shapes

Manufactured by Biltmore Hats, Limited
Guelph - Ontario

Toronto Sales Room 313 McKinnon Bldg.
Calgary Sales Room 45 Elma Block.
Vancouver Sales Room 306 Carter Cotton Bldg.

For a Clean Smooth Quick Shave, Use a

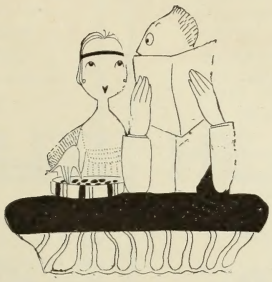
HICKY

The Finest Cutting edge in the World Can Be Purchased anywhere—

ONE DIME

DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW

Joe Gish learns about women from



BEVERLY
the sweet Southern Girl

Every fall our Sanitariums are filled with wrecked aunts who have been chaperoning vacation parties of "sweet Southern girls." They are the original clinging vines, and Beverly was one of them. She was always losing something. Or her shoe hurt. Or something was in her eye. She was sure there were snakes in that grass. Was that a spider? Her greatest mental exertion was to call for a coca-cola.

I took her to the opera, when she came to New York. I whispered: "There's Jeritza!"

She: I d'clare! Which, the man or the girl?

I: The girl, of course.

She: What show is this?

I: Tosca. It's an opera.

She: I d'clare! My foot sure does hurt.

I: Sh! They're going to sing *Strange Harmonies.*

She: Uh-huh. Do you suppose it would matter if I took my shoe off?

I: Er . . I don't know. . That's Bodansky conducting.

She: I wish he had a few saxaphones.

At supper I tried new conversational stances. Paul Manship . . Marie Laurencin . . Mah Jong . . The theatre . . Books . . Sports. She topped every ball. The knockout was when she asked if the waiter had an aspirin tablet.

That very night I filled out a Vanity Fair subscription coupon for Beverly. It was from Vanity Fair that I had obtained my own start as a man of the world . . It will change her, too . . I shall come back in a few months . . She will no longer be a dumb Dora . . I might propose. Only a few months.

But, six weeks later, I read of her engagement to Basil van Siclen, the most eligible bachelor in New York, patron of the modern arts, whose million dollar mansion had long awaited a mistress whose social graces were equal to his own.

Why don't you subscribe for some sweet Southern girl?

Joe Gish

10 issues for $2

VANITY FAIR

TEAR IT OUT TEAR IT OUT TEAR IT OUT TEAR IT OUT FILL IT IN FILL IT IN FILL IT IN FILL IT IN

Vanity Fair, Greenwich, Conn.

Dear Vanity Fair:

I am glad to learn the secret of Beverly van Siclen's success. But I happen to know that Basil himself isn't really such a bright bird. For six years *he* has taken Vanity Fair. Which reminds me, enclosed find TWO DOLLARS to cover the cost of TEN ISSUES.

Name, etc. .....

.....

.....

Illustration copyright by Vanity Fair

PIN TWO BUCKS PIN TWO BUCKS PIN TWO BUCKS DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW

No. 2

Everyone Should Be Satisfied

It isn't possible, of course, to provide a magazine that satisfies everyone. If it were, there would be only one magazine. It isn't possible, either, to provide one where even its admirers will like everything. The best hope is to provide something that will furnish reasonably varied fare, for a reasonably varied assortment of people.

We have a feeling that this current issue should meet this condition. We would like to have you read it through and check up on whether or not we are right in this judgment. It looks to us as though everyone should be satisfied with this issue.

For the romantically inclined, who revel in the variations of the eternal triangle, there is a delightful story by that title, "Triangle." It is by Lilith Benda, a new writer whom you will want to meet again.

Then, for the red-blooded, there is hearty fare. "The Grizzly's Shelf," is an adventure story out of the ordinary. You will stand by breathless while H. Mortimer Batten makes you a living spectator of one of the strangest fights in fiction. Or, there is the story of those Canadian adventurers who went, following in the footsteps of the old time buccaneers, to unearth the pirates' buried treasure. It is a tonic for stay-at-homes.

For the sophisticated, "Usually We Are Honest, But—." It reads like fiction but the details are fact, the stories of the glib and agile birds that prey on present day business. It is by Guy Morton.

Of a more inspirational tone is the article, "Farm Boy — Doctor — Then Governor." Dorothy G. Bell gives a vivid picture of a striking personality, that of the Lieutenant-Governor of Alberta.

Anyone whose blood still runs freely is sure to like Bertrand W. Sinclair's thrilling story, "Twice in the Graveyard Watch," and "Smoking Flax," R. J. C. Stead's serial, has occasioned so much favorable comment that we feel fairly well satisfied with our judgment of it.

There is plenty to interest the business man, the serious and the frivolous: business articles, and many striking articles selected from the periodicals of the world.

Anyway, look this issue over. We hope you will like it, we have a feeling that you will, but in any event we would like to know what you think of it.

MACLEAN'S
"CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE"

THE DIET KITCHEN TEA ROOMS

72 and 80 West Bloor St. Tel. R. 4382

BREAKFAST LUNCHEON
AFTERNOON TEA DINNER

Sunday night supper will be served in Annex until 9.30

An Outline of Ontario

(*Continued from page 31*)

Ohio, soap magnate, saying "This is the life," as he crouches out in the rain over a sickly looking fire, burning bacon in a pan, and trying to look as though his feet weren't wet; unless perhaps it be the same Akron, Ohio, soap magnate bursting into tears at the sight of a cafeteria on his return home.

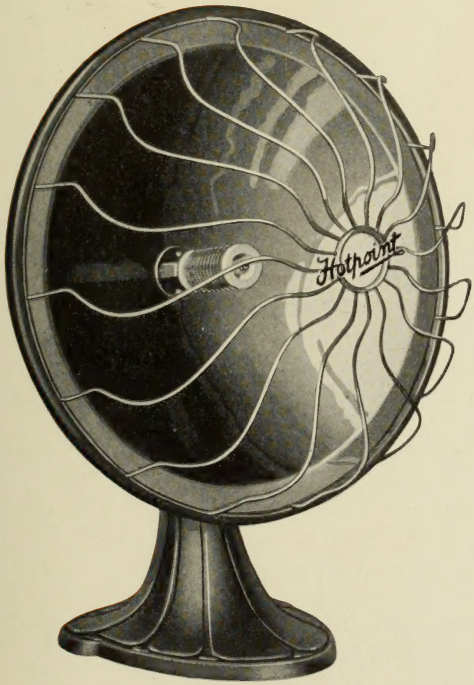
Every autumn the Northern Ontario towns are crowded to capacity, owing to the presence of hunters from down south. These hunters spend from a week to ten days shooting at each other, drawing to a straight and looking for the corkscrew. Many of them, sad to relate, get shot; quite a few of the survivors get half-shot. Those who are alive at the end of the holiday, if they have any money left, drop in at any of the numerous butcher shops in the Northern towns and buy a deer or a moose. Venison or moose-steak is then sent to admiring friends and the head is stuffed and placed over the fire-place or out on the front verandah back home, to be an unfailing source of thrilling anecdote for years to come. If the hero lives in the Southern States he will be described in the papers as a "big-game hunter" in the obituaries when he dies.

Northern Ontario towns have distinctive personalities. Port Arthur and Fort William, at the head of the Great Lakes, produce large quantities of grain shipment statistics annually. Sault Ste. Marie, present home of the Allan Cup, is a city where that part of the year between hockey seasons doesn't count. Sudbury, centre of the nickel district, is a town where they spend every autumn planning to knock the Soo hockey team for a row of Siamese skates, and every spring explaining how the result would have been different if the league hadn't rung in some of those rotten Toronto referees on them. North Bay, farther east, is a beautiful little town with two railway stations constantly crowded with people waiting for trains to take them somewhere else. Timmins, a town farther north, is a place where the only use for a nickel is for church collection; where nearly every hotel room has two beds and it rests with the clerk whether your room-mate will be a Chinaman or two Scotchmen; where the telegraph office has an extra operator whose sole duty is to handle the outgoing telegrams from people wiring to home or head office for more money.

Northern Ontario has a great many natural resources and the future of the province rests with their development. It is an accepted rule of Ontario Cabinet Ministers that, whenever they talk about the North, they should ring in something about the natural resources and point the way to ultimate salvation of the province by development of these aforesaid natural resources. Some day some Ontario Cabinet Minister is going to make a speech about Northern Ontario and some desk editor with a little too much originality is not going to head the report of that speech: "Urges Development of Natural Resources of the North." He is not going to put that heading over it; and he is going to get fired, right away. It is too radical altogether. The public wouldn't stand for it.

Hotpoint

HEDLITE HEATER



"Warms as the Sun Warms"

A complete portable radiator which effectually banishes the "chilly spots." Simply connect to lamp socket or base-board outlet and a generous flow of sunshine warmth may be concentrated just where it is needed. The over-size reflector ensures full benefit of all heat generated.

The Hotpoint Hedlite Heater has a counter-balanced base so that if accidentally tipped over it will turn face upward, thus eliminating any fire hazard.

Made of pressed steel, the reflector has a triple coat of copper highly polished. The wire guard may be removed for dusting the reflector.

Hotpoint Servants for the Home are for sale by dealers everywhere.

HOTPOINT DIVISION
of
Canadian General Electric Co., Limited

MAKE A LAW THAT WON'T SUPPORT THE BOOTLEGGER

Where your Money goes

The Facts --

Quebec, under Government control, received $4,000,000 from government vendors in 1923.

Ontario, with its larger population, would have received more.

This money is now making Bootleggers wealthy.

In the hands of the Government it would go to reduce your taxes.

You are paying this tribute.

VOTE FOR GOVERNMENT CONTROL. MARK YOUR BALLOT THUS—

Are you in favor of the continuance of the Ontario Temperance Act?	
Are you in favor of the sale as a beverage of beer and spirituous liquor in sealed packages under Government control?	X